A Strange BANQUET:

OR, THE

Devil's Entertainment by Cook Laurel

AT

The PEAK in DERBY-SHIRE;

WITH

An Account of the ſeveral DISHES ſerved to TABLE

To the Tune of, Cook Laurel, &c.

COok Laurel would have the Devil his Gueſt,
and bid him home to Peak to dinner,
Where Fiend never had ſuch a feaſt,
prepared at the charge of a Sinner;
With a hey down, down, a down, down.

His ſtomack was gueſie, he came thither coach'd,
the ſoggings had cauſed his cruers to rile,
To help which, he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,
that uſed to turn up the white of his eyes;
With a hey, &c.

And ſo he recovered an a his wiſh;
he ſat him down and began to eat:
A Pyanoaer in blumb broth was the firſt diſh,
his own privy-kitchin had no ſuch meat;
With a hey, &c.

Yet though with this he much was taken,
upon a ſudden he ſhifted his trencher,
As ſoon as he ſpied the Bawd and bacon,
by which you may know the Devil's a Wencher
With a hey, &c.

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Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
with Semsters and Tire-woman, fit for his pallet,
With Feathermen and Perfumers, put
me twelve in a charger, to make a grand salet;
With a hey, &c.

Fat Usurer stew'd in his marrow,
him a Lawyer's head and green sawce,
which his belly took in like a barrel,
as though till then he had never seen sawce;
With a hey, &c.

Then carbonado'd and cook'd with pains,
was brought up a Seasant's cloven face,
The sawce was made of a Yeoman's brains,
that had been beaten out with his mace;
With a hey, &c.

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the board,
the feast had nothing been without them,
Both living and dead were fryed and fur'd,
and their chains like sausages hung about them;
With a hey, &c.

The next dish was the Mayor of the Town,
with a pudding of maintenance put in his belly,
Like a goose in her feathers, in his gown,
with a couple of Hinch-boys boyl'd to a jelly;
With a hey, &c.

Next came the overworn Justice of Peace,
with Clerks like gizzards stuck under each arm,
And warrants like toppers lay in his own grease,
set over a chafing-dish to be kept warm:
With a hey, &c.

A London-cuckold came hot from the spit,
and when the Carver had broken him open,
The Devil chop'd his head off at a bit,
but the horns had almost like to choak'd him;
With a hey, &c.

A fair large pasty of a Midwife hot;
and for cold bak'd meat in this story,
A reverend painted Lady was brought,
long coffin'd in crust till now she's grown hory;
With a hey, &c.

The loins of a Letcher then was roasted,
with a plumb Harlot's head and garlick,
With a Pander's pettitoes that had boasted
himself for a Captain that never was warlique;
With a hey, &c.

Then boiled and stuck upon a prick
the gizzard was brought of a holy Sifter,
That but made the Devil almost so sick,
that the Doctor did think he had need of a glister;
With a hey, &c.

The jowel of a Time-server for a dish,
a Conscience sawced, pilled vinegar by,
Two Aldermen-lobsters laid in a dish;
a Deputy-tart, and a Church-warden-pye,
With a hey, &c.

All which devoured, then for a close,
he did for a draught of Derby tall,
He heaved the vessel up to his nose,
and never left till he had drank up all;
With a hey, &c.

Then from the table he gave a start,
where banquet and whine was not to seek,
All which he blew away with a fart,
from whence it's call'd, The Devil's A se in the Peak;
With a hey down, down, a down, down.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

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